50 " year

OCTOBER, 1943

The Liberalist

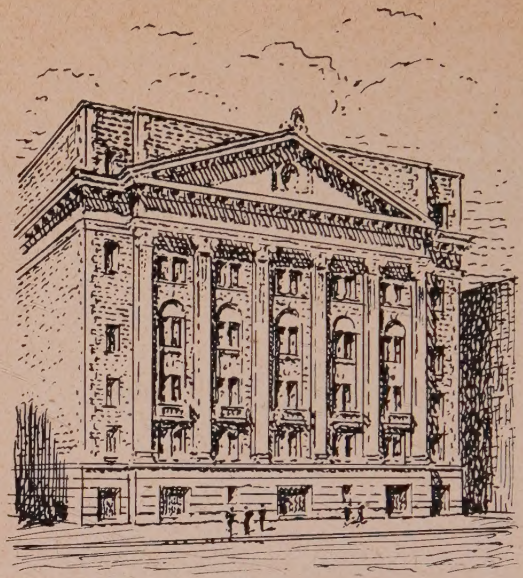
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

We rest in faith that man's perfection is the crowning
flower, towards which the urgent sap in life's great
tree is pressing—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand with
broadest petal and with deepest glow,
The faith that life on earth is being shaped to glorious
ends.

. . . . .

Self-renouncing love, or thoughts, like light, that bind
the world in one,
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night we
hear the roll and dash of waves that break nearer
and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff because the wide
Atlantic rolls behind, throbbing respondent to the far-
off orbs.

(From George Eliot's "Presentiment of Better Things")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **October, 1943** *Number 7*

ANNOUNCING OPENING SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

(Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road)

Eighteenth Year of Sunday Evening Services

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1943—7:30 P.M.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, LLD., D. D. WILL PREACH

QUESTION BOX **SERVICE NOT BROADCAST**

Let Us Give Dr. Bradley the Finest Welcome He Has Ever Known for This Opening Evening Service

---

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY RADIO BROADCAST
WGN—6:00 P. M.

SUNDAY MORNING—PEOPLES CHURCH BROADCAST
WJJD—11:00-12:30

Important Announcement

OPENING OF ELEVENTH SEASON

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures

IN PEOPLES CHURCH AUDITORIUM

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

BY

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1943
8:00 P. M. Sharp

Book to Be Reviewed

"U. S. FOREIGN POLICY"
By WALTER LIPPMANN

ALL INVITED **ALL SEATS FREE**

✦ ✦ ✦

BOOK LECTURES FOR NOVEMBER

WEDS., NOV. 3—"U. S. FOREIGN POLICY"
—Walter Lippmann

WEDS., NOV. 10—"ONE WORLD"
—Wendell L. Willkie

WEDS., NOV. 17—"BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER"
—Lin Yutang

WEDS., NOV. 24—"SO LITTLE TIME"
—John P. Marquand

SERVICEMEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Mail packages to Army personnel by October 15th, and for those serving in the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, by November 1st. Mail is one of the most important factors in the conduct of the war. Christmas packages for those in service overseas will be delivered if mailed before the above dates.

Address packages plainly, giving full name of the service man or woman, including grade, serial number, service organization and unit and post office through which mail is sent, such as New York or San Francisco.

No package should weigh more than five pounds nor measure more than 15 inches in length, or 36 inches in length and girth combined.

All packages should be securely packed and wrapped.

Postage must be fully prepaid.

Perishable articles will not be accepted.

Both the war and postal departments discourage mailing of fragile articles.

About ten per cent of overseas mail is misaddressed and many packages arrive with contents damaged or destroyed. Mailers should realize packages are transported great distances under all kinds of conditions.

Parcel Post rates for five-pound overseas Christmas gifts mailed from Chicago are as follows:

Via and in care postmaster, New York City, 33 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, New Orleans, La., 33 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Miami, Florida, 40 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Presque Isle, Me., 40 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Seattle, Wash., 50 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, San Francisco, Cal., 50 cents.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

Nothing is the matter with the soundness of the heart of this cosmos. Every star, every planet, the rhythmic rise and fall of the sea, the beauty of the night, the rhapsody of the dawn, the pageantry of the sunset, the laughter of little children, the bleating happiness of the gamboling lamb, this whole universe is God's world, and when it becomes less than God's world the fault is not God's, it is yours, and it is mine; we are the ones!

What is religion? I think religion is nothing more nor less than my being always true to the highest and best I know: that's religion to me, being true and loyal to the highest and best I know.

Infinite Source of Love, we would bring the life-giving strength of Thy Love to every person suffering in the agony of mind and conscience. Wherever men and women are, demonstrate the mighty power of Thy love to change life. Might people who are trying the wrong way try the right; might people who have found life so immersed and complicated and involved that they do not know which way to turn have revealed to them the clarity of the way; make the pattern plain.

"ETERNAL POWER"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

APRIL 11, 1943

"THERE are some words which, because of long association with certain ideas, have in themselves great suggestive power. One of those words I have just used, it was the final word of that first sentence—"Power." It is very interesting, this study of words, interesting to see how some certain word will awaken and arouse within us reactions not only intellectual but emotional. These words are many and each of them has come to identify a certain experience and become a definite symbol. Some of them are very beautiful words, from the point of view of euphony; they have a rhythm, a symmetry, a delight, a beauty. One of these words, quite detached from any ideas which it might suggest or any experience which it might recall, was said by Dr. Funck, who made a great study of words, to be the most beautiful word in our language, the word "Love." There is another word, which has about it a ring and virility, which sometimes in our deeper moments of despair, by the mere saying of it out loud, will create automatically certain inner attitudes. That word is "Courage." Words have become so identified with certain almost intangible influences that we sometimes underestimate their power. I could speak to you now in a series of words and every one of those words would awaken in each of your hearts certain emotions and would arouse certain memories—"love—mother—peace—justice—truth—home — kindness"—one of our loveliest words is the word "kindness," but this morning we have a word that automatically, in most of our minds, falls into a certain definite groove,—the word "Power." "Power" is a virile word, a word of such tremendous implications, that if I knew the reactions to it in the hundreds of minds in the congregation this morning, and the millions that are listening, as I have just spoken it, I could determine quite accurately the spiritual condition of your souls and hearts. "Power!" "Power!"

We may begin with human history anywhere, ancient, medieval or modern history, any nation, any race, any location, open up a page of general history without any method whatever, put your finger down on a page, find a sentence on which your finger rests and what will you discover? You will discover that the historical processes were manifesting themselves and operating in society with the distinct purpose of enabling some nation, some group, some race, some individual to achieve power. Power has been one of the most universal ambitions of the human race; it is in the background of all nations; it is a dominant factor in our lives: we want power. Cast a momentary glance for the purpose of creating an environment in which a quite separate definition of this word will be given before I am through, and see the moment of the Pharaohs, the ancient kings of Egypt and note the decline and fall of the great Egyptian dynasties in their quest for power, and then deduce with your own reasoning why they collapsed. Go a few more sentences down in history until you

come to ancient Babylon, Babylon the embodiment and symbol of wealth and nationalism. Power! Power! And then recall the tragic, tragic disintegration of all that was Babylon, the Babylon of culture, of influence. The Babylon of geographical extent and comprehensiveness becomes the dust, and most of it unremembered dust of the dead centuries. Pause for a few moments in our casual spanning of the centuries and note the new awakening that came under the impulse of a new type of conquest of the world until the great Roman Empire stood the master of all the known earth's surface as far as the mind of man had ascertained by geographical discovery: there stood a Roman soldier! As deep as the pockets of man had become to hold the gold of the ages, there it was, filled with Roman coin, while with an ever increasing sense of power Rome relentlessly rode on its way of strength to the valley of weakness and to the plains of failure. Power!

Jump through the centuries to Charlemagne, pause momentarily in the presence of Genghis Khan, see a man seated weeping, and he was a strong man, and when strong men weep there is tragedy unutterable, but here was a strong man weeping, a powerful man. Who was it? You have guessed it, Alexander, a conqueror of the world, who wept because he could not find any more worlds against which to pit his strength! What has become of the empire of Alexander?

Analyze, for the purposes of building a deduction for yourselves in this study of power, the reason why this kind of power always fails and you will see my purpose in calling attention to these familiar episodes of man's tragic pilgrimage in the sermon today. We can leap through the ages to the modern moment and we discover how, under the imperative of quite normal demands, men have arisen out of economic disaster and out of industrial confusion and out of racial jealousies until the lust for power maddens them and irrespective of the unimpeachable verdict of history they, too, dream of a world in which they will be the master and the controlling force, contrary to every single example which the past verifies in myriads and myriads of previous moments in the history of the world, until now we find ourselves as a world face to face again with one of those decisive eras in which because of man's incompetency to translate previous experience into prevention of duplication we now find it necessary, once more, in the classic phrase of a Prime Minister, to go through blood, and sweat, and tears, and toil, to verify that of which there are a thousand illustrations in the long, tortuous pathway of the centuries. Power!

Man's oldest quest is to be powerful; and just as this has manifested itself in the life and character of nations, so lesser, but none the less important, aspects of the quest for power are to be discovered in individual lives, and individuals find themselves unable to profit by the spiritual experiences and development of those who have left the record of those experiences in the great literature of the world—and that literature is filled with it, Latin literature in the charatcer of Aeneas; Greek literature in the character of worshipping and seeking for the Golden Fleece, the tragic collapses of great and important personalities who had achieved sublime heights of power and then lived long enough to see that power evaporate in their very presence. Drama, poetry, the literature of all the cultures of the world is vibrant with the collapse of power of people who have known it, and the individual attitude toward the realization of power frequently brings

collapse and failure to many of us. I wanted to see this morning at this Lenten time, when we are rapidly approaching the climax of this whole moment of denial, I wanted to see if we could point out a few of our defective techniques by which the normal—and there is not an abnormal thing about the quest for power, it is perfectly normal and there isn't a heart that does not possess it—but I wanted to see if we could not find a few things that were obviously such interferences to the full fruition of power that we could do something then about ourselves.

Obviously, there is great need for the discernment and detection of the things which we do in our lives that have a disastrous effect upon a legitimate expression and growth of life which always results in a fine manifestation of power. We have, it seems to me, to clearly get straightened out in our minds the variety of paths men follow in their quest for power. It is perfectly obvious, because history is filled with illustrations, that the lust for gold exists because of the power which great wealth seems to give, and it has always been an ambition of men to get power through wealth, and it fails. Men have sought the allurements of fame, and have felt that with the coming of fame there would be an answering to the hunger of their inner selves for power; that to become famous means to become powerful, and men have followed the treacherous pathway of such a quest and have ended disastrously. Men have sought preferment and have thought if it were possible for them to know the "right people" and to be known as a part of a group in which the so-called "right people" functioned, that that would mean power, and there are broken hearts and devastated lives by the thousands, of those who sought, through such status, for power and found it a futile thing, empty as could be.

Let us discard now and at once any conception of a kind of power which when achieved is to be utilized for personal gratification. If we could weed out of our hearts a sense of personal gratification: "I am powerful;" "I am strong;" "I can do, I can see, I can go, I can be what I choose to be because I am powerful enough to do it"—that is tragedy, and furthermore that will wreck and ruin your life. When a person develops into a self-sufficiency so that he feels that his social status, his fame, his position, whatever it may be, is sufficiently powerful so that because of these things he can do what he chooses to do, that person is doomed to tragedy and disaster!

I wish that truth would sink into every heart, for I have seen, and so have you, people who felt themselves so impregnable and so impervious because of the position they occupied or because of the amount of their bank balance that they could stand in defiance of all the best of life and win. It cannot be done. There is a law of compensation; that law never refuses to work and that law is always and inevitably opposed to the achievement of a lasting power which is determined by a violation of the laws of God. Therefore, dangerous and treacherous are the walks of life where men think the power in their own hands is sufficient to justify anything they choose to do or be, and that person is doomed. If you do not believe it, I ask you to read the pages of history and recall the wrecks of human lives.

Let us rid ourselves and cleanse our minds of any comprehension of power that merely brings the inner gratification of a superb physical or material strength, and think of another kind of

power, which it is in my heart to give you this morning. There is another kind of power. There is a power that is eternal, a power that grows and deepens and matures until the reflection of that inner power straightens every crooked pathway, lightens every burden, dries every tear, and binds up every broken heart. It is true power, a power which when manifested will transform a personality, a power which when contacted, (and it is to be contacted) and pragmatically expressed in the external relationships of your life and mine, will cause disease, sin, failure, ingratitude, envy, malice, everything to fall away from your mind and you will emerge beautiful—a personality—a character for which everything seems to adjust itself. It is the silent, quiet power of the eternal that is the basic constituency of the universe; it is the power that takes beauty out of mud and slime and hands it to you in the loveliness of a water lily. It is the power that takes a blurred, red-faced, bloated, bleary eyed individual with a trembling hand and a shuffling, shifting life and makes it emerge clean, and wholesome, and beautiful. It is the power that turns the beast, dominated by the killing and destructive lusts of the flesh which eat and eat and scar and stain the life into the cooperator with God through procreation in giving birth, lovely and beautiful birth, to this new kind of power. It is the power that takes the mind corroded and rusted by envy and jealousy and hate, and clears it of these things, which are pushed out by the infiltration of love and understanding and tolerance, and soon the purification of the mind completes the purification of the body, and it completes the purification of the soul, and the first thing we know we have an individual who is a power and who walks among the tabernacles of the rich and who strolls within the boundaries of the great and who sees the passing pageantry of the world crushing, smashing, killing its way on through into the cleansing by the power that is true and eternal, the power of God. That is the eternal power and you can tell a person who possesses it when he walks into the room, you can tell him as he sits beside you in a bus, or when you look at him over the desk in his office and as you greet him on the highway; there are a thousand million telltale evidences of whether or not you and I are the possessors of a true power which, when articulating in our lives, gives dignity to life and beauty to all we do. Power!

It is the power that came from the superb spiritual evolution to Him who, while I speak to you, tarries in a garden wilderness. He is clutching and clawing at a rock in that garden, hungry and bruised and broken, and standing by his side, in this man's struggle with the beasts, there is this subtle voice of the tempter whispering in his ear, "Look! Touch those stones and they will become bread. You are hungry, you have hungered and fasted almost forty days. Look! Touch that stone and make it bread. You are the son of God, you have the power." And He did have but He did not use it. And he whispered to him again, "Look! Look! Look at that high pinnacle; go up to that pinnacle and look as far as you can see to the east, to the north, to the west and to the south. I will give you all the kingdoms of the earth" (shades of Alexander and of Caesar) "I will give them all to you if you will worship me; if you have the power cast thyself down from this pinnacle onto the earth below, and if you have the power flights of angels will hold you in the air and you will fall to the earth unhurt," and He smiled at the voice of the tempter, for this man developing into the God-

consciousness of eternal power knew that had he touched that stone and made it bread it would have been for himself; he was the one who was hungry; he would have fed himself, and if he had, he never would have had the power later to have fed the five thousand. Do you see the difference? When the tempter said, "Look all over the earth, those kingdoms are all yours if you will fall down and worship me," he never would have been able to have said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!" Do you see the difference? And when he said, "Flights of angels will guard and hold thee on thy way," he never would have had the power in the exuberance of his own spiritual development to have said to the world, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Do you see the difference?

When selfishness and personal satisfaction is our object, and we fill our own stomachs, and count our own gold, and look at our own universe, and say, "It is mine! It is mine, all mine! The world is mine, its gold, its power, its wealth is mine, all mine!" then we lose everything, for it is only through sustained power that comes from direct contact with the unselfish purposes of God for the sons of earth that man becomes strong and well and beautiful and kind and noble, fit to dwell in the Kingdom of God. That power is eternal power. Try and find it, won't you?

YOUR BAZAAR!

That is what it will be, on December 2nd and 3rd—YOUR BAZAAR—in Channing Hall of The Peoples Church. Are you ready for it? Have you sent in your contribution to the church office or to the Bazaar Chairman of the Woman's Club or of the Business Woman's Club? Have you asked what you can do to help? There is only the remainder of this month and then November. The month of December opens with the Bazaar. There is some booth to accommodate whatever you may be able to donate—anything salable you can think of. Perhaps some store with which you deal may want to donate something—perhaps a friend who has never even heard of The Peoples Church may be glad to help. But first of all, what are you going to do to help? We are depending on YOU.

P. B.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

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EDITORIAL

WHEN you have made an appraisal of most any individual and discussed him rather thoroughly pro and con, talked about his virtues and his badness, I think most of you will agree with me that one of the finest things you can say about any person is that "He is loyal." He may have all the virtues that are identified with attractiveness of personality and with the spirit of friendliness and tolerance, but if this little disaster of disloyalty is in his soul, it will have a tendency to grow until it obviates all of the other virtues. You cannot make anyone loyal to you or to his nation with money. People who manifest the virtue of loyalty because of a reward are the people upon whom the virtue will become a vice and it will turn itself away from the great power and beauty which loyalty possesses.

Now what is this thing that makes us true to each other? What is this binding, integrating spirit that maintains and preserves the integrity of the home? What is this something that in a moment of crisis springs up within the wellsprings of our own natures and makes us respond to the earth upon which we were born? What is there that makes you loyal to the little village where you first saw the light of day as long as life lasts for you? What is it that makes you loyal to the state in which you were born, to the city in which you live, to the block in which is your home, and to the home itself? What is the real, underneath truth about this most attractive of virtues, that makes your heart leap and your lips sing when it is practiced at its highest and best—loyalty. One of the very basic, fundamental techniques in the practice of loyalty is that it cannot be practiced alone—Loyalty, to be Loyalty, must always have duality of relationship. We are loyal to someone and it may be beautiful, but unless that someone is loyal to us there is difficulty. We may be loyal to a nation, give our dollars, our lives and make red mud on the flats of Pacific islands —we may give everything we have to our nation—and that implies the nation has likewise a responsibility to return that loyalty to us. You may give your heartaches, your tears, your sorrows in a beautiful blending of sacrificial loyalty to someone who may break your

heart, and it may be beautiful, but unless that loyalty is responded to by the reflexes of returned loyalty, then agony is the by-product of that loyalty. Your hearts can be broken while they remain loyal. Therefore, in any philosophy of any presentation of the virtue of loyalty, the two-way character of the passage of its virtue must be established as fundamental in its practice. It is a beautiful thing to see a mother clinging, with her heart broken in a million fragments to her disgraced and dishonored son murderer. That's beautiful, but it is not enough! That loyalty is only an unfinished thing, for the accumulative result of our loyalty should not be a heartbreak or a heartache. There is not one of you who has not been betrayed. I venture that I could go to every human heart and stored away in some hidden place of your consciousness is a heartache, and it hurts, and you can transform every hour of pleasantry and fellowship and gladness into a pang whenever you recapture the memory of that buried experience in your heart of someone who betrayed you, someone who failed you, someone, perhaps, to whom you had given everything of loyalty that you had—and they failed you. Loyalty can bring tears, can't it? That beauty is marred with the presence of dead ashes. That loyalty may be immortalized in poem, solidified in music on the printed page with cold notes, it may be brought to life, breathing life, out of a cold bit of marble by a sculptor, it may be portrayed in all the histrionic genius of the dramatist, it may be all of these things, but it is not the whole solution of the beauty potent in loyalty. I am thinking of men and women now who have been broken by disloyalty, unable to find compensation for that kind of breaking of life, bewildered, trying to find a way to overcome their heartbreak.

Now when you have lived quite a while in the world and know so many people who have difficulties and tragedies and the disappointments of life sweep over them and surge about them like mighty billows of destruction, you might have a tendency to become disillusioned about the decency of human nature itself. I am not disillusioned. I hold rather closely and carefully to what I think has been affirmed by the experience of the years, that by the by and on the whole there are many more good people in the world than bad, many more honest people than dishonest, many more kind people than unkind, many more considerate people than inconsiderate, and many more loyal people than disloyal, but the great difficulty is that when life moves with an evenness the reflecting beauty and power of some of these virtues seem to be modified by the smoothness of the way. I suppose that that is the basis for the thing we call the "lovers' quarrel" where people who love each other and are devoted to each other, quarrel. I had a young man tell me not so very long ago, who had passed through one of those experiences, that the joy of making up renewed a sweetness to love that he thought had been lost; but that really is not the loyalty I have in mind. I do not need to reiterate the experiences from the practice of loyalty; there is nothing more beautiful in the world, as you know. I know nothing comparable with it, and the thing about it is this: that when something overwhelms your life and you are faced with an important decision in that life, the remembrance of loyalty strengthens and sustains. When you are having the hardest hour of your life and suddenly you remember there is someone loyal to you, that automatically, psychologically, immediately creates, at once, strength for you! You can be battling hard and the storm can be severe and the lightning can be sharp and

dangerous, and the sky can be filled with hate and the bombs can drop, and the fine son can die, and your whole life can be enshrouded in misery and anguish and in sorrow, and right in the midst of it someone demonstrates to you that they are loyal, and at once you get stronger—what is that? That is the creative rebound from constructive Godlike attitudes. I wish the people in the world could learn that!

I look at humanity against the background of this most fundamental upheaval the world has known in which its influence is infiltrating into every human heart and every human life the inevitable reactions of widespread hate. Loose in the world today is the most diabolical world spirit of destruction civilization has ever known, and it is directed and darting against your heart and mine. We need something that we have long neglected to save ourselves. When will humanity learn that to hate, to lie, to attempt to destroy another, to be untrue, to be unkind, to be disloyal is all poison, just as poisonous as though I were to fill a glass with carbolic acid and drink it. Why do you fill the glasses of life with the carbolic acid that is killing you? Why do you commit moral and spiritual suicide by your hates, your disloyalties, your irritations? The rebuff and rebound against this is being felt in every Criminal Court of the land! Crime is on the increase, particularly among the youth of this nation.

The thing is settling down upon us all, and unless you are careful it will kill you. We need to recapture and recover again some of the fundamental loyalties of life. Every lie I tell, every unkindness that I do, every bit of jealousy that sweeps into my heart, every ounce of envy in my heart is going to keep poisoning my body, soul and mind until I will not be able to be my best, or to do my work. These are the things that kill! And if your life is in chaos, if you have troubles you cannot handle, if your body is racked with disease and pain, if you are succumbing to the psychosis of this hour, now, at once, change it all, get rid of the disloyalty, tear out the hypocrisy, stifle the envy, overcome the malice, build, build; every constructive, creative, unifying, integrating thought that I ever had in my life builds my body, builds my soul, builds my heart! I want to live and live well and beautifully, and the things that would destroy me I cannot harbor: hate, jealousy, poison, carbolic acid, it will kill you! Move on to the higher altitude, get on the mountain top, bury your pride, get creative, get constructive, don't lie, be honest. Fundamentally, do you know what will happen? Your troubles will clear up, you will have a better week physically than you have had for sometime, the fog will lift from your mind, conscience will be keen!

There was an old gentleman who was very much interested in gardens and he saw out in Colorado once what seemed to him the smallest garden he had ever seen. The old gardener who kept it was not rich, he had very little land, but he had the most beautiful garden this man had ever seen, and the man visiting this little miniature garden, which seemed so tiny and small, said to him: "What gives this tiny garden the appearance of space? Why, it seems so long and so wide; what have you done to this garden to make it seem so large?" Do you know what the old gardener replied? "When I laid out the garden, I had my path lead, unobstructed, to the background of the mountains. My vista is against the mountains—I annexed the mountains." You try that in building your garden.

BOOK CHATS

IT doesn't seem possible that the summer is over and I am working on plans for the fall and winter ahead. I am writing these words on the 11th of September, here in the Study at our island home, six hundred miles north of Chicago, in beautiful Lake Vermilion. It is a fall day where I am. Leaves are falling. I saw a flock of wild ducks flying southward as I came down to the study. Yesterday several little chickadees were twittering around the woodpile. The juncos are here and the shrill, discordant note of the blue jay can be heard. All these are unmistakable evidences that cold weather is on the way and winter will not be far behind. We have a cheery and friendly fire in the fireplace. Yes, in a few days we will be on our way back to Chicago, our Church and our work.

I always have a mixture of emotions when this time arrives and this fall is no exception. It has been a busy summer of recreative variety. There has been work, rest, study and play. As the years lengthen the responsibility deepens. When I think of what this summer has meant to the world, to our country and its people, to our men and women in the outposts of the nation, to the millions of imprisoned, famished and broken-hearted people of Europe, my own efforts seem so insignificant and unimportant. Yes I am resolved, as never before, to do whatever I can possibly do, and to say whatever I can possibly say to make my contribution such, that when this is all over, those who know me and my work will be able to say: "He helped when the going was hard." To merit that judgment is all I am working, living and hoping to achieve.

This year is the beginning of my 32nd year in the church, my 20th year of broadcasting and the 11th year of our book lectures. When I pause a moment now and look at the figures I am startled! Where have the years gone? How have they slipped by so quickly? Still the retrospection in no way obscures or dims my hopes for the future. My face is turned toward tomorrow. The work to be done is vastly more significant and important than the accomplishments of the past. I never had a better opportunity. I never knew an hour so pregnant with possibility. The greatest age and the best in the whole history of mankind is about to be born. I am grateful that I and my church are here to help, to share, to work and to serve.

Let us face the future with courage, with hope, with idealism and without fear.

* * *

The Book Lectureship will open Wednesday evening, November 3rd, at 8:00 p.m. in the auditorium of the church. I have selected as the book for the opening discussion Mr. Walter Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy." As always the lecture will begin promptly at 8:00 o'clock and will close at 9:00 o'clock. As in the previous ten years there will be no admission and people of every creed, faith and race are most heartily invited. I invite the cooperation of teachers in our High Schools, Colleges and Universities through a continuance of their fine spirit of assistance by invitations and announcements to their classes and students. I

am very grateful to the Literary Editors of all the Chicago newspapers for their weekly announcements and also to the Chicago Public Library for placing announcement cards on the bulletin boards of all the branch libraries.

In spite of gas rationing and transportation curtailment in Chicago, our attendance last season exceeded 20,000 people. No other book lectures in America had as many people present. This year there are more important books than last. I shall try and keep my selection of books of such a character that only books of unmistakable worth will be used. Let us make it a winter of great value to us all. Never was it more important to be informed on hundreds of questions and never was it more necessary to develop mental capacities which will enable each of us to think clearly, concisely and constructively. We are going to need all the brain power we have. The nation will become increasingly one huge debating forum. As we approach the Presidential campaign this will increase. The nation's future is secure only as its citizens become informed and capable of intelligent action. Many of the books I shall discuss are highly controversial in character. But I make no apology for that. We must know as many sides of a question as our faculties permit. That is our safeguard and our security. Our minds must remain open. This in no sense implies we must eliminate our convictions or compromise our principles. We must have convictions but they are only right when they are formed as the result of careful understanding, accurate knowledge and spiritual sensitiveness. Prejudices, unsound passions, inherited attitudes or traditional loyalties are not enough. We must, as never in our lives, read everything, hear everything, weigh everything, examine everything, and open up every available avenue for the admitting of truth. We must discover the truth, for only then can we be free. A very wise and good man said that many years ago and it remains today an undeniable truth.

It is with these ideals in mind that I shall select the books for this season of lecturing. Why not plan right now to set aside the one hour every Wednesday evening during the winter and attend every lecture?

* * *

There is a kind of reading which I choose to call "background reading." The name is sufficiently definitive to convey what I mean. A person's background is a very revealing factor of the personality of the individual. So it is with books. To know best the problems of the present is to know the contributing factors which brought them into being. All of our minds will be engaged in the immediate future with national and international questions. What we do and say about them will influence the course of human destiny. This is a solemn thought. In order to help us more effectively in our decisions we need to know the background of our own history. I realize this most thoroughly in my own work and that is the reason I am finding time and will continue to do so for re-reading the great trilogy of John Dos Passos which he called "U.S.A." It consists of three novels, first published separately as "The 42nd Parallel," "Nineteen-Nineteen" and "The Big Money." Altogether there are 1449 pages and the time covered extends from 1900 to 1929. The geographic covering embraces much of the United States, Mexico, the Caribbean and the continent of Europe. The books were not very extensively read. In fact, except among the partisans of Dos Passos, they aroused very little interest. In the light of what has happened since 1929 they assume a new significance. There is much justified

criticism which can be given for the trilogy. By no means may the economic and industrial philosophy be wholly accepted; but the trilogy has many very valuable points, which give the reader an intelligent understanding of the "background" of our present situation. This is its great value. We need to do a great deal of "background" reading.

Most of us think we possess a working knowledge of our own background as a people and a nation. The confusion and chaos of many minds in the present evidences that we do not possess such an understanding. The forces, factors, and influences which have made us what we are are often hidden and intangible. We must know more of the character and nature of these forces. We have great decisions to make and unprecedented actions are ahead. We must be right; right for the sake of posterity. It is this conviction which has sent me back in my reading to some of the interpreters, novelists, historians and philosophers of other days.

* * *

I hope to see you Wednesday evening, November 3rd, at 8:00 o'clock, when we will spend an evening together on the interesting book, "U. S. Foreign Policy." P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"
September 12th, 1943.

Dear Friends:

This is the last time I will write you for this season from our much-loved home in the North Woods. Today we are spending our last Sunday on the little Island, amid the birches, scattering their golden leaves, and the tall pines, rustling their boughs tunefully in the wind. The garden is gay with flowers in rich autumn colors, and for the past several days the chickadees—those little gray and white birds called locally snow-birds, have been noticeably present with their chattering. They are a sure sign that fall has set in with early cold weather in the offing, so I'm told. There are not many other birds around, although this morning we saw a little humming bird hovering over the phlox, as though it were still July. Perhaps it was bidding farewell to the garden it has frequented daily all summer. We were glad to see it. Upon awaking this morning our first thought was that we must enjoy every minute of this beautiful day, our last Sunday at the Island. The sunshine was brilliant, the sky and lake deep blue, and the air invigorating with September coolness. We were completely alone, which is quite unusual. After a breakfast much to our liking we sat down before the blazing log fire and turned on the radio. To our surprise—for we have not been able to get it often during the warm weather —we heard a familiar voice preaching

a fifteen minute sermonette over WJJD, at the close of which he mentioned something about "The Liberalist," and that The Peoples Church would hold the opening service of the fall season on September 19th. Then followed a word from the announcer which told us we had been listening to Dr. Preston Bradley of The Peoples Church of Chicago! Little dreamed he that the said Doctor was at that moment listening on an island in the Superior National Forest area of Northern Minnesota! So we were with many of you who also were "listening in." At noon Anna and Kally came back from Tower where they had gone on Saturday, bringing groceries and a surprise. On their way to town Saturday they had visited for a few minutes with a man and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Keenan by name—who live the year 'round in a cozy little home in the woods on the shores of Lake Vermilion. They asked Anna and her husband to stop Sunday on their way back to the Island for a package for the Bradley's. This was a surprise! When the package was opened, there were two large fine chickens ready for cooking! The Keenan's have sold chickens all summer, but now that the hens are laying they get so many eggs it proves more profitable to stop selling chickens and sell eggs. But the message they sent stated that they so greatly enjoyed listening to Dr. Bradley over the radio all winter, they wanted to express their appreciation in a little gift—other than sending an occasional contribution to the Church—could think of nothing to buy him, but hoped he would enjoy a chicken dinner on his last Sunday at the Lake! Now wasn't that a nice thing for them to do? We surely did enjoy it, and we were most happy to have our dear friend, Dr. J. Morriston Thomas, share it with us. Dr. Thomas is the minister of Ravenswood Congregational Church, Chicago, and he and his family spend the summers on their island not far from ours. Just as we were about to sit down to the table, he, in his little boat, came chugging up to our dock. He only intended to stop for a few minutes, but we insisted he eat chicken with us—(and what minister could resist that). After dinner, he and Dr. Bradley sat before the living room fire and talked of many topics—such a visit as they have waited all summer to have. I sat, an interested listener, as they expressed their individual reactions regarding the startling world news that has come via the radio recently—the surrender of Italy—the invasion—Where is Mussolini?—Where is the 7th U. S. Army? —etc., etc.—and finally the opening of our respective churches—and the winter's work ahead! It was well worth "listening in" to these two interpreters of life and its ways! It was nearly sunset when Dr. Thomas arose to go, and with an armful of flowers for Mrs. Thomas, he bade us goodbye "till we meet in Chicago." The sun set in a bed of gold and crimson, the wind died down and the air was crisp—"a frost tonight" we all said. Later in the evening, we looked out at the bay, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and a huge full moon shone high through the pine branches. The logs in the fireplace had fallen into glowing coals, and we sat for some time gazing into the embers, reviewing quietly in our thoughts the beauty of the day, the warmth of friendship, the lovely summer now behind us,—the beginning of a busy season ahead—for all this our hearts were filled with gratitude,—and so—our last Sunday drew to a close, and—summer is over.

In August Dr. Bradley had a birthday, and among the many friendly greetings he received was this one we

think particularly lovely from one of the Trustees of the Church—Mr. W. M. Stickney. Such beautiful thoughts should be passed on—so here it is:—

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

Here's a little verse that has always appealed to me:

"A Birthday can be made a wonderful time,
A place of beginning again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Can be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on again."

And as time runs on in sun and shade we should keep young and grow stronger with the years. We should be the "Master of our Fate"—the "Captain of our Soul." And as life lengthens our joys should deepen—we should feel with ever increasing intensity the great love that canopies the earth, and our widening mental vision should never fail to see that over all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope.

This is your doctrine and I'm just reminding you. Love to both Mrs. Bradley and yourself.

Sincerely,

Will."

The foregoing letter, strange to say, fits completely into the philosophic living of the writer of this next letter. It is remarkable that a man who had a leg amputated when he was 72 years old has since then written two books of poetry! That proves a fine spirit!

"Dear Dr. Bradley: As usual, I listened to your broadcast this a.m. You said it was your birthday, but didn't say what one. I think that doesn't matter so much. I do not like to miss your programs and seldom do. They are very inspiring to me. I sent you my book "Sunshine on the Wabash," some time ago, and received your acknowledgment. You also mentioned my name and read a poem from it. I appreciated that very much, and thought you might be able to use this one from the same book.

"My poems are all written in bed, as May 1, '39, just four days before I was 72 years old, my right leg was amputated above the knee. I haven't walked since. I have written two books of poems since. Can go about room in wheel chair. I will be listening. Very truly, H. T. Payne."

A fine letter from Storm Lake, Iowa, was sent to WHO Broadcasting Station, Des Moines, and forwarded to Doctor. It is inspiring to him to know that his daily talks are far reaching and helpful. The letter follows:—

"WHO, Des Moines, Iowa, Dear Sirs:—Will you please send me a copy of Dr. Preston Bradley's talk delivered over WHO August 2nd. These talks are very inspiring, and when I miss a single one I feel that I've lost something very valuable. I would like to know how and where to get his books. I have an address he gave nine years ago and at the time—and I still do think—it was the finest thing I ever read, and given when he was National President of the Izaak Walton League; and then I lost track of him, until one day not long since I happened to hear him over WHO and was so delighted to hear him again, and I earnestly thank our God for such a great man, for I feel and know he is doing a great service to humanity. There's another of his talks I'd love to have, and it had to do with a father bidding his son goodbye, who was going into the service, and I know it could not help but make anyone better for having heard it, and the boys in the service need to be supplied with food for thought. That

is a precious and valuable 15 minutes every day in my life and to many of my friends. May God spare him to us for many years. Thanking you in advance for these copies, I remain Very Respectfully yours—Mrs. P. F. Kinne."

It has been interesting to note through Dr. Bradley's radio mail how many comments are made regarding the poems he closes his talks with. Poetry plays an important part in more lives than many realize, often forming a link between kindred minds. A letter from Sioux Falls, S. D., relates an interesting incident:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Just want to tell you we enjoyed your talk on poetry and we, too, hope someone will put on such a program on the radio regularly. One of the verses in the book published by Col. Roosevelt and friends called "Desk Drawer Anthology," was sent in by me—(not mine)—but one I had tucked away in my desk drawer. I was very happy to find it had been included in the book. Poems are my weakness and we agree with your comment of last evening about poetry. Mrs. E. P. Christian."

No space for more this time, I'm sorry to say, so we must close the Mail Bag till the next time I write you, and that will be from the study in Chicago! Opening of Church next Sunday! Be sure to be listening! Don't forget to write—AND—KEEP—ON—THE —BEAM!

IN MEMORIAM

Emerson Abernethy was in his accustomed place on Sunday, September 19, the first Sunday of church after the long summer vacation. For seventeen years he had been director of the chorus choir of The Peoples Church. He smiled at the great audience, as he raised his baton to lead them in the litany responses. It seemed to many that he looked unusually well.

Sunday evening he led his choir at a community affair for Civilian Defense, for he was Chairman of Music for the North Side. He seemed especially jubilant to all who saw him. He came home late, at the close of a long and busy day, became ill soon afterward and at 5:30 o'clock Monday morning passed away. He leaves surviving him, his widow, well known in Chicago music circles as Elsie Alexander.

Mr. Abernethy's funeral service was one of the most impressive ever held in The Peoples Church, with every single member of the choir in his or her accustomed place. His long-time friend, Dr. Edgar Nelson, organist and director of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club Choir, presided at the organ console and conducted the choir. Another friend, Mr. Clyde Bassler, sang the solo. Two members of the choir, in

army uniform, home on furlough, stood guard at either end of the coffin. Mr. Abernethy's baton and music were on the rack as he had left them on Sunday morning, and were later placed in the coffin with him. The church auditorium was filled with his many friends. Rev. Brown of the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, a friend of Mr. Abernethy's, gave the invocation.

Dr. Bradley's funeral address was intimate and friendly, as he spoke of Mr. Abernethy's seventeen years of service in the church. Later, at the Graceland Chapel, Dr. Bradley said he felt that Mr. Abernethy was a casualty in his country's service, as his strength was probably not equal to the extra work which he had done in connection with Civilian Defense.

The remarks by Dr. Bradley and the singing of the choir were a difficult service of love for a dear friend, who will be missed and long remembered in The Peoples Church.

FUNERAL ELEGY TO A MUSICIAN

There is immortality for you, Emerson Abernethy,
If there is for any man—
The song that sang within you never died,
But always lives, and sings, and sings.
The spirit of the choral pieces under your baton
Will haunt melodiously these wide walls
Until destruction or their slow decay.
No, Emerson Abernethy, this is not truly death;
For death is finish and an ending-point,
And nothing lives and takes the indelible kiss,
But you live on. . . .

* * *

There is your stick and your Land of Hope and Glory,
Lying on the stand,
Just as you left them when you walked away
And walked on clouds of happiness it seemed—
After that first day.
They will be always there, how can they go,
As long as through this air your music sings?

Sixty-six voices mourning, Emerson Abernethy!
Mourning above your bier.
You could not fail to hear that. You could not fail to hear.
Had you been here in flesh to listen
How those bright eyes would shine!
Whatever praise or blessing you commanded
Would shower on such bravery.

* * *

If you had seen that *V* of roses, Abby,
Those red, red roses fringed with white,
Standing beside your life-departed frame—
That just-extinguished light—
You would have thought about your Victory Ensemble,
And given it your love again anew—
Just as before, just as before. . . .

* * *

Did you hear what Doctor said, Abby?
Either you did or knew beforehand
What he would say if you should go ahead;
But he could hardly say it for you;
It was a warrior's task, you know—
And seventeen long years of friendship, Abby,
And seventeen long years of work—
Companionship of the pulpit and the choir-stand,
To think that this was at an end—
Yet something of your courage carried to him,
Perhaps the vision of your willing smile,
Your gallant air and jovial quaintness;
Those things remembered make recalling sweet,
For sadness leaves when memories delight.

* * *

If you had seen and heard your neighbor
Spelling the invocation with his heart,
You would have loved him for his dedication,
As once you loved him in your life. . . .

* * *

Hear! tall musician, Hear!
Someone you know is at the organ playing
Strains of that somber serenade;
That touch—that lift of hand—that gentle manner
Are unmistakable to one who knows.
Chicago's dean gives honor, Abby,
To one like you. . . .
Look! slim conductor, Look!
This long-beloved choir of yours, behind you now, arises—
Some have robes white and some of black;
What is this music pouring forth
From throats a-tremble, but not wavering?
Ah, it is "Going-Home, Going-Home."
Yes, going home, Emerson Abernethy—
But home is immortality,
And you partake of that. . . .

* * *

Land of Hope and Glory!
This the vision your clear spirit saw—
Oh, Land of Hope and Glory!
Here shall you always be—
Here shall you be.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

OCTOBER PRODUCTION

"PORT OF CHICAGO"

by Herma Clark and Alice Gerstenberg

A play no true Chicagoan should miss. An unforgettable experience for those in the younger generation and an evening touched with tears, laughter and nostalgia for those who remember Chicago "when."

* * *

The Uptown Players will present the premiere showing of "Port of Chicago," a history of Chicago as exciting and dramatic as it is authentic. You glimpse the tremendous and at times magnificent panorama of a city being born before your eyes, from Chicago's first struggles for existence, through its breath-taking "boom" days, the shining courage of its heart-breaking days after the horrible Chicago fire and its final emergence as one of the world's greatest cities of today.

Claire Burns will be seen in the role of Carolyn Vaughan, whose life is depicted from the days of her childhood in the early life of our city until the present day.

Costumes are worthy of mention, some being exact reproductions of gowns worn during that lavish period of an earlier generation.

Sets are by Marvyn Harbert.

Women's organizations are taking a keen interest in this production of the Players and many have booked theatre parties.

DATES OF PERFORMANCES

Friday and Saturday, October 1st and 2nd
Friday and Saturday, October 8th and 9th
Friday and Saturday October 15th and 16th
Friday and Saturday, October 22nd and 23rd
Friday and Saturday, October 29th and 30th

* * *

November attraction will be the premiere of "Shadows Fall Early," by John Graham, an Uptown Player whose work has won much favorable comment from the critics.

NOTE:—Registration is now open for Fall Term in Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Body Control, Playwrighting, Stage Design, Spanish, Work Shop, Art and Art Appreciation. Detailed information will be furnished upon request.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Stephanie M. Kratovil
Harry DuMont

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

(Continued on next page)

HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 22)

Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
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Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman

Dr. Bradley's Summer Engagements

First Half of September

1—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

2—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

3—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

5—Radio Sermon. WJJD

6—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

7—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

8—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

9—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

Address. Hibbing Junior College. Hibbing, Minn.

Address. Rotary Club. Hibbing, Minn.

Address. Men's Club. First Presbyterian Church. Hibbing, Minn.

10—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

12—Radio Sermon. WJJD

13—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

Address. Preston Bradley Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, Tower, Minn.

14—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

Address. Lions Club Banquet. Eveleth, Minn.

15—Radio Address. WGN and 10 other stations

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock
Daily Broadcast by Dr. Bradley, Monday through Friday, WGN. 6:00 p.m

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, Opening November 7th.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
Channing Hall, Sunday morning..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH, Hall "C," Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
Opening November 3rd, "U. S. Foreign Policy," Church auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS, Every Thursday evening, Church auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT, Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall.....9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Oct. 11th, Opening Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel.....12:30 p.m.
Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest artists, Merrel Trio, Musical Ensemble, and Clyde Bassler, soloist. Reservations with Mrs. Hagen, Rog. Pk. 5046 or Mrs. Harrison, Lon. 6878.

Oct. 25th, Education Day, Peoples Church, Channing Hall..... 1:30 p.m.
John K. Hammon, speaker. "Students of One World." Marion LaBadie, soprano soloist.

Oct. 28th, Card Party and Bunco, Channing Hall, public invited 8:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—October 11th, Channing Hall, program to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 25th—Regular business meeting and Hostess Night, Hall "B" 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Opening night, Monday, October 25th, Channing Hall, Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB: Every second Thursday of the month..... 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB: Program to be announced

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. October Play, "Port of Chicago," by Alice Gerstenberg and Herma Clark. Every Friday and Saturday evening. Curtain: 8:30. Tickets, 55c. Opening Drama Tea, October 31st at 5:00 o'clock. Vesper Services conducted by Mr. Bradley-Griffin, every Sunday, 5:00 to 6:00. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

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